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Erstwhile©July 2019

Narrative poetry

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Erstwhile

It is so, long, large space in my eye range.
Trees, grasses, near them silent homes.
In the homes silent lives,
while I was looking, afar, what strange...
I was in those lives erstwhile.

At my back, the timid, tepid hands of the sun.
Yet, the early, silent times of the morning.
Yet, someone has been sleeping in his bed.
Me too, I would sleep erstwhile.
There's no, such a power, pushing me
in the early hour of the morning; set out ways!
Inside a boredom, indescribable.

We will rest under a soil, such a mute.
Again wind blow, will shake the grasses
again will be in sleep in his hot bed
in this moment of the morning, someone.
At my back, the timid , tepid hands of the sun.

However, sun was tender
erstwhile...
What strange.
Here so, we will rest under a silent soil
Over, dry many grass, alas!

A stranger , a thinking guy,
nearby, who pass,
will look bitterly and will say;
“Here, the people who couchant, whoever
under this dry grass.

He too, loved, laughed, cried,
hoped, given up,
lived erstwhile.”

Did we Live

Did we live?

Near the river,
like flowing time

hopeless,
we...

Did we live?
in the border of the society
like flowing river
routine, calmer.

Somebody should say the reality.
Somebody must say it.
did we live indeed?

Wheel

The nicest panorama
bores you, after all.

And it turning wheel
carelessly, despite
of all suffer,
turning, day, night
winter and summer...

Somebody Else

My God!
Near side, somebody else,
walking with me,
step, step...
It happened too finally.
I have created somebody.
Somebody else...

He walked with me,
Sometime too, asking questions,
curious somebody.
I want to escape from him, in such times.
But quasi, he would understand
stopping then.
Then, again...
I say,
-stop, stop anymore.
I entered a street,
many nice gardened homes in train.
A guy, in the garden, turned his back,
watering the garden slack.
In bottom of a tree, a yellow cat, realised.
For a while, it watched me.
Then in the other corner, two cats more.

Guy realized me now, said,
-hi

I was going to pass such, silently
but, that somebody else,
jumped nearby again,
-Hi!

I was upset,
“cheeky!

No, no I can't.
I can murmur only, if I say hi.
But he wasn't so.
So sincerely.

We were walking so
in the silent, empty ways.
Suddenly, a crow screamed bitterly.
A sorrow wrapped me.

I thought, why do crows scream?
Moreover, bitterly.
Quasi, they are seeing
horrible something.

Other, appeared again, said,
-maybe, they are seeing the angel of death.
Or the devil; his ugly or scary face.

I said,
-How you know that devil had an
ugly or scary face?

Maybe, just the opposite,
he could be cute quite
or beautiful somebody.

(Cheeky)

He said,
-possible, but I think his real face is not so.
Could be beautiful?
the people, who cheating someone...

I said,
-what's that beauty?
These followers, trees, they're
beautiful too. People can't take
himself of looking.
Everything is a perceived issue.
It could be a deceiving mask.
He never says,
he was ugly, if you ask.

And when you try to take out the mask,
that face wherever , could be gory.

He was silent, like he confirms this time.

I looked again, these silent, nice homes.
I thought, people could be happy with a home,
with a garden only?

After a long silence, other said so,

-If you have no,
any place to go...then maybe.

But if you have alternatives,
 then, they
 make your mind, busy.
 You can't enjoy, of these
 homes and gardens.

I said,

- so, if people have no much alternative,
 then could be happy . At least, in peace.

He was silent...

Little beyond, there's a big grave.
 I thought, this nice gardens, consisting of soil.
 Graves too. Then, in a grave, should we be happy?
 Two both
 have nice bibelots, icons and flowers.
 Gardens give happiness to people,
 but graves give gloom.
 Till infinite, closed doors, many rooms.
 Here people remembers the death.

Other said,

- Yes, you're right.
 - Then, people if he chose the happiness
 then can be happy, only. But ,
 while you looking to grave, to think the garden,
 while you looking to garden, to think the grave, it's so hard.

Other confirmed,

- The people who wants to be happy,
 while in a grave, could be happy.
 - How?
 - He realises again he was living yet.

Corpse

There's a way, I was passing always.
With other word,
a bend; covered with pink parquets.

When you turned, of this pink, narrow way,
Welcomes you, a large square;
In the middle an authopark, in edge a few markets.
A wood bridge, there's at the end of the square.
Under the wood bridge, a dark green river.
On the river a few ducks, swimming silently
Their green colours, with river in a harmony.

In the end of the bridge, again a
large square starts.
In the edges of this square,
there's two floored homes
all of them, similar to each other, reminding
the fable homes, cared, smooth.

In front of these homes,
there's small bibelots,
a few small animal figurines.
While I was watching them
I would imagine.
Throughout the way, a fable world
would escort to me.
A few times, I would turn the square.
In the middle of the large meadow, some seagulls
would search for food.

In my bag, there's two loaves.

One of them I threw, afar.
Screaming many seagulls,
filled quickly, in a squall.
Under the majestic bodies, thin long legs.
I thought, this much hungry screams,
how would be satisfied?
They're great many...
That life, that screams, that crowd.
That hungry crowd...

Some majestic, some small quite.
Some grizzled, some just white.

One day while I was turning back
from a long walking, I saw one of them.
In the middle of the way;
A bird corpse.

Behind left of a bird,
A double wings, a head, as averment.

Other sides, platy, reminders of a soil mass.
Its mouth half open; maybe it was filled maybe
hungry.

On the bend, such waiting.
Yes, it was a bird, erstwhile.
Looks like, around legs cord,
was it a cord or not;
I couldn't be sure under the sun.
More I couldn't look to this sad scene.

On that way, behind me, a bird corpse;
knowingly I walked.
I thought, to turn back,
to put it somewhere secluded
I couldn't do that.

My legs continued to walk,
like separated from my head.

I watched the peoples.
Nobody knows?
Between this much beauties, a dead body.
Does not it worry, anybody?

Weather, some day rainy.
flexible; it was sunny someday
It was creating on my spirit sway.
I would wake up, some morning calm
some morning, depressive.

In a day,
how many mood I would live...
Ever, cause of this choppy weather.

In the oppressive warm
I would be more moody.
In the cold weather,
Streets would be deserted.
Then, I would walk on walk, freely.

The breath of the cool wind on my face,
at my back, a black jacket of leather.

To drink a beer
I went to that square again
a few days later.

When I close to that bend,
again that dead bird
in my mind,
inside a strange feeling that, I would meet
with it.

A shadow in the middle of the way.
Oh, still there, is it?

Despite of avoiding to see,
with a strange curiosity,
I came close to shadow.
Oh no.

Not a bird corpse, just a dry leaf.
Glad I turned the other side, there's street.
Little beyond a crowd.
A music , rhythm, a mobility.
I headed to that side, with a hope;
I would be merrier.

I was going to lose, between of crowd.
I entered to market, I got a beer
took out now.

I would hate of hot beer,
would like to drink as cold as possible.

In the mid of the way I stopped here
I got a sip from my cold beer.
However, I didn't like to go into the crowd.
I watched them from afar, the dancing a few people.

A few seagulls passed, from up, somewhere.
I watched them, such fragile.
Mass mass white clouds
reminder the white soap bubble.

Beer had finished.
I turned back,
near the river, on the wood desk
sat a bit.
I listened to the shaking of the wooden bridge.
a few people were walking on it.
On their faces, a victory import.

Peoples mostly in shopping or
in their homes, silently, in comfort
While I was walking so
upset minded, a sudden storm appeared;
The branches of the trees, shacked strongly.
Sun, lost for a while
behind of grey clouds.
Here, it is
again that bird corpse.
Again it in the middle of the way poorly.
Again I will see
Again I will go, in woe.

Nobody takes it?
The officers of the cooperation...
How long, it's here, who knows.

Wind throws , like game.

Thrown by winds, probably,
from grasses
again to way, like say,
“ I threw the true, in front of your eyes
but, you don't see, all the same”

Anymore, more of a bird
a shape, a bird form
in the middle of the way.

A cycle past, speed, roughly.
looked to my face
If he could look to ground
he would see, the corpse.

Who knows, past on this corpse
how many rain,
how many sizzling hot.
Who knows...

Still, quasi its wings have been trying
to fly, in the blowing wind, stubbornly.

I looked at the other side, two crows.

Searching between grasses,
a few earthworms.
Still they have spirit,
trying to feed.

Finally, they'll turn to that shape,
they can't suppose,
now, only an earthworm, momentous.

I walked, I walked again.

Inside a rebellion
to death, to cruel.
To sun, to rain...

Played to many kind game , on a dead body.
Nobody knows?

Long time, I didn't pass that way.
I didn't go to that square.

Then, one day I could not resist
with a strange curiosity I passed of
that way again.

There's no anything on grasses
nor on the way.

Looks like a strong wind
had thrown it again
to another place.

From eyes
somewhere away.

View and Reality

I entered into an old building.
Dark and eerie.
In my mind
the dream of a lighted comfort room.
At my nose a smell of burnout.
It was high , nice a block
when I looked from outside.

Below floor, there's strange voices...
I thought,
someone has been
torturing someone?
In my mind the lighted dream of the room
I climbed down the stairs one one.

From away, look like peaceful streets
here, in this basement
Was it a torment?

Little more I climbed down.
A shadow; of working someone.
A plumber.
The smell of the solder, everywhere.
I asked the rental house.
He said "here's no any rental apartment."
But address was right.

I turned back.
Again, I was outside,

there is no, to stay, for me here
any apartment.

I forwarded a few steps.

I realized that,
in front of me,
walking embraced a couple.
I watched a bit in sorrow.
I passed speedy, like a shadow.

Eh, fate! I said...
Is it equitable?
While I was searching for a place.

I turned and looked back
for to see for a moment her face.

I remembered in past
a love, or I was thinking so.

They're talking, I cared to the face
of the young woman...

Unexpectedly , she's crying.
On her face a deep woe.

Whereas,
it was different from back
that happy tableau.

I forwarded with tired steps.
In my mind, new rental address.

Between of Ruins

I am tripping between of ruins
It stopping and blowing again
Undecided winds.

Screaming on my head a crow
Does it call my disaster? Or,
Warning me...
It cannot talking that
How can I know?.

I am tripping between of ruins
Outside blowing undecided winds.

Street has been singing its song
With pell-mell..

Dustbins full.

How many people even eats
All the same hungry soul..

First where from
Had I begun to travel?
How many days

How many months , maybe years
Anymore I don't know
I don't know anymore
Where is paradise where's hell.

When I smile to Cruel

When I smile to cruel, one bird dies

Somewhere away.

Lies on floor in front of my eyes

The sacrifice of my weakness..

Love and Death

O death.

Life is what strange isn't it?

Knowingly I will die

I live, watched the t.v..

In a pell-mell a movie.

Drinking beer moreover cold.

Just like you.

What strange I thinking you

All the same in life to hold.

Sometimes I am dreaming

looking to the sky a lover in the past.

Quasi then you won't come.

Quasi you only for a lonely.

Let's drink.

Let's forget everything.
Let's think about love
Just....

O, death.
Life is what strange isn't it?

Didn't you ever fall in love
Haven't you friends?
But love is beautiful
Full energy youth excitement.
But all the same in my mind
That suspended end.
Waiting for me somewhere
Closer everyday.
Okay.
I don't care.
Like I have a friend waiting
near the way.
And beyond, no way.
What strange...

Let's drink
One more beer.

Come, take me death
I am here.
Get your revenge
Now...

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Tomorrow

I can change my mind

While I don't care about anything.

Or, I was drunk of passion

Take me;

While absent nothing in my mind

Come suddenly like love.

Waves

To sit on a berd
While an occasione.
But no.
Humans are so.

In a sunny nice day
full passion , impossible not to go...

Struggle with giant waves.
To feel the wild power of the ocean
With an impregnable passion.

In your mind going back
Again to seaside, ah
How meaningless anymore
Right?
Maybe impossible.

To explain yourself to masses
Like struggling, between waves
so hard.
Waves were so crowded and strong .
“what you have”
So that, asked
A few sarcastic waves.
“Else of a weak muscle?”
Those will fatigue
After a few onsets.”

Other one was more cruel,
Foaming,
“Do you thinking so that

You, invincible?
Just with passion
Until where, can you swim?
Moreover, your muscles so slim.
And coast, anymore stayed very back
Now possibly you're sane.
Between us, to fight in vain.
We will bring you
Again,

To your calm lovely seaside.

To the sake of,
To your respectable valor
To your challenger soul
To your empiricism.
But in the end, ever winning realism.
The power of the waves
Seen like you many braves.”

“

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One Day Comes

One day comes
Dreams go bust.
One day comes
city gets narrow.

One day comes
Your body revolts
to your adventurer soul.
City silently expels you..
Which delator informed
Who knows.

Between silent hard walls
You stay lonely
Unwary...
You follow a dream that
Hard explain.
Again and again.
Walls come with you.

One day comes
City gets narrow
Spills its polish
In the rain of a sorrow.

Walking in the Park

I am walking in the park
Near the way soil
Partly hole.
Makes me remember the death.
Over it some grasses,
Like life on the death.

Somewhere away
Comes the hum of the street; traffic.

There is life
Here's death
What tragic,
Tragicomic...

In the silence.
In the dusk light,
Only the voices of my steps.
I am walking to street side
Walking to death,
Step, step.

Thoughts

Sometimes, a sorrow bothers me.
Heavy, like a bullet,
Stocks into my heart.
Then, I would start.

I would start again to way
Wherever,
Doesn't matter.
Then, it's only solve, to go.
While you go, you can't think.
Thoughts stay behind you.
But, body is not tireless

In the end.you stop.
And again you fall in trap;
Thoughts...

Again it finds you;
A Question...
Again you begin to think, to go.

Your body says "no"

Divides into two parts
Your brain and your heart.

In the middle of the way
Or to go
Or to stay.
Anyway.

Already, life span lapsed.

Faraways

In those faraway places, where you go
Nature conditions destroy you.
It shakes your body

Or a harsh wind

Or someone, who cold looked like ice.

Sometimes, I would throw myself to streets
Like mad.
I would shelter to the shadow of a tree
Sometimes...

For to catch a dream,
For to hang again to the branch
Of the life tree.

And finally you stay exhausted.
And you go back home.

This time
Without reason starts an easiness.
You can die this time
Cause of boredom.

It's loneliness

It's loneliness

Nothing else.

In your pocket money

In your hand key.

What's more?

Your soul hungry, anhydrous.

You was looking that, whatever

You see, absent, absent here...

Its loneliness

Nothing else.

In your pocket money

In your hand key.

Inside a huge injury.

Butterfly

It was a happy butterfly
Until to begin to fly.
But, unfortunately
Its lifelong one or two daily.
Until to where, will it go?

It has wings anymore, world is narrow.

It flies...
Or a hard wind chucks it to floor,
Or upset minded somebody
Steps onto.